

Justly alarmed for their lives, escaped from the cabin windows into the long boat that was fastened to the stern, and the painter shot went on board another vessel. But the cook of the brig, a surly athletic negro, who owed the Spaniards a grudge for what he conceived to be ill treatment while he was on shore the previous Sunday, armed himself with a carving knife, and concealed himself behind the steerage stairs. After the pirates had struck a light, they hastened below for plunder. The leader had hardly reached the floor, ere the carving knife of the cook was sheathed in his body, and he fell, giving utterance to a horrible oath. The cook then sprang into the water from the cabin window, and swam to the nearest vessel. In the morning the captain returned on board, where he found much wanton destruction of property. The floor of the steerage was stained with blood—which was also traced up the steps across the deck to the gangway, showing that the pirates had conveyed away the bleeding victim of the cook's revenge. The captain was aware that it was useless to complain to the authorities; or to solicit any protection for himself and vessel, and fearing that he would again be visited by these villains, for the purpose of taking a sanguinary revenge for the death of their comrade, he hastened his departure, and left the harbor before he had completed his cargo.

A brig belonging to Bristol, R. I. had cleared at the Custom House, and was to sail on the following morning. Captain B— had ordered a good watch to be kept, as usual; but towards day-break in the morning, while lying in his berth in the open after cabin, he was awakened by loud whispers, apparently in his immediate vicinity. He had presence of mind enough to keep perfectly still, and soon became aware that some of these piratical scoundrels were entering the cabin window, within a few feet of his head. He reached up his hand and grasped a large horse pistol, well primed and loaded with some of the best glazed gunpowder, and an ounce ball. He fortunately succeeded in cocking the pistol without alarming the pirates, who did not dream of such a formidable weapon, in the hands of a brave and determined man, was about to scatter death and terror among them. Captain— enjoyed the advantage of being able to note their movements while they were unable to witness his. He watched his opportunity and as soon as one had silently entered the window and was crawling on the transom, and another had so far entered, as to bring his head in a line with the body of the first, he presented his pistol, placing the muzzle within a few inches of the breast of one of the pirates and fired. The bullet did its work, and passed through the body of one of the victims, and lodged in the head of the other! Capt. B. then rushed on deck with a second pistol in his hand, followed by his mates, who were awakened by the report. On looking over the stern, they beheld a large row boat with fourteen men, pulling rapidly away from the brig. They mustered a light and went below, where they found the two Spaniards dead upon the transom! Captain B. at once decided on the proper course to be adopted. He knew that if the affair was reported to the proper authorities, he should be detained and perhaps subjected to much trouble and expense, and perhaps thrown into prison. He therefore tumbled the pirates overboard from the cabin window without ceremony, and strictly enjoined upon his crew to avoid mentioning the occurrence. And as soon as the sun rose above the eastern horizon, he left the harbor of Havana, for a country where the lives and property of the citizens, were secured by the laws of the land.

The boatmen in the harbor, were many of them unprincipled scoundrels, who gladly seized every opportunity in the then relaxed state of the laws, to rob—and were by no means scrupulous about committing the crime of murder also. An American Supercargo, Mr. M. at twilight, one evening, had occasion to go on board his ship from 'the Punto,' a suburb of the city, near the point which forms the western side of the entrance into the harbor. He stepped into a boat which lay at the wharf, and pointed to the ship—the fellow seized his oars, and began to pull towards her, Mr. M. sitting in the stern and steering with the tiller. When the boat had traversed about half the distance between the shore and the ship, the boatman discontinued rowing—laid in his oars very carefully, and in answer to the remonstrances of his defenceless passenger he unsheathed his Spanish knife, and raised from his seat—evidently with the intention of committing the double crime of murder and robbery. The American saw that it was a critical moment—he was fortunately a man of courage and resolution, and possessed muscle as well as nerve. His thoughts naturally reverted to some means of defence—and he found much to his surprise and joy, that the tiller with which he steered the boat, was loose and could be unshipped—a circumstance which had probably escaped the recollection of the boatman. As the latter advanced towards his destined victim and raised his knife with the apparent intention of plunging it in his bosom, Mr. M. aimed a tremendous blow at the villain's head with the tiller, which took effect. It knocked him senseless on the gunwale of the boat, from whence he was tumbled with little ceremony into the waters of the bay, which immediately closed over him. Mr. M. took the oar,

and paddled about the bay, and after some time, he was seen to be detained on board, feeling great distress, for having preserved the skull of the murderer.

In the Fall of 1852, a schooner arrived in Havana from Matanzas, being principally laden with fruit and vegetables. As usual, the doctors in these articles hastened on board, and bargained with the captain for the different portions of the cargo which they wanted. One Spaniard took a great fancy for a lot of apples. After some delay, a bargain was struck, and in order to secure them he paid for them on the spot, with the understanding that he would send a boat for them the next day. The boat did not come. Several days passed, and nothing was heard from the Spaniard. Meanwhile the apples exposed to the steam of the hold in that warm climate, were rapidly decaying. When the purchaser came on board to take possession of his property, he looked exceedingly blank on ascertaining their deplorable condition—about one half being rotten—and the remainder presenting an appearance by no means healthy. He positively refused to take the apples, called the captain a cheat, and insisted on his returning the money which he had received for them. This of course, the captain refused to do; but it was to no purpose that he told him it was a fair bargain, and that if he had not sold them to him, he could have sold them to others the same day, or the day following at the same or perhaps at an advanced price. The Spaniard would not be pacified, and went away muttering dark threats of revenge.

On the following night the Captain was troubled with indigestion, and could not sleep. Towards day-break, after laying some hours awake, he arose, and throwing over his shoulders a dark calico dressing gown, ascended on deck. The night was exceedingly pleasant, the stars twinkled in the sky—and not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the water. After pacing the quarter deck a few minutes, he seated himself at the after part of the quarter deck, beneath the awning. He had not been seated long, when he saw what he conceived to be a strange fish swimming around the schooner, at a distance. He narrowly watched his motions, though without stirring from his position—and was not a little surprised when he saw it swim towards the gangway, and raise itself out of the water! His surprise was changed into terror, when he saw stepping over the side a naked Spaniard with a long knife in his hand. He remained mute and motionless, and narrowly watched the movements of this mysterious intruder. The Spaniard looked cautiously around, as if to see if the watch was not alarmed; and then with a light and noiseless step proceeded towards the companion-way, or entrance to the cabin, down which he soon disappeared. The Captain very shrewdly conjectured that his motive was not a good one, and that he probably designed mischief—and recollected the dark mutterings of vengeance which were uttered by the Spaniard on the previous morning. He looked round for some weapon, but could find none excepting a junk bottle, partly filled with lamp oil which was deposited in the binnacle. With this in his hands, he placed himself, leaning over the companion-way, in an attitude which would enable him to give his visitor a striking proof of his regard and hospitable feelings, whenever he was disposed to issue from the cabin. A few moments only elapsed when the Spaniard, altogether unconscious of the welcome reception which the Captain had prepared for him, cautiously ascended the steps. His head just made its appearance above the scuttle, when the Captain gave him a blow on his bare cranium with the corner of the bottle, that would have felled an ox! The Spaniard rolled heavily to the bottom of the steps—the Captain stepped to the skylight, told his mate what he had done, and ordered the cook to procure a light. On examination it was found that the midnight assassin had received a due reward for his villany. His skull was shockingly fractured—and after a brief consultation, it was determined to commit his body to the deep, which was effected without the performance of the Roman Catholic rites. On afterwards examining his berth it was found that the vindictive villain in his eagerness to assassinate the man, whom he fancied had wronged him, had stabbed the bed clothes in several places! The body was perfectly naked, with the hair short cropped, and the skin carefully oiled, to assist him doubtless, in eluding the grasp of his pursuers.

**PHILOSOPHY FOR THE NURSERY.**—The exercise of the hobby-horse, is pernicious to health, because the head of the rider being farthest from the centre of motion, the blood is propelled thither by centrifugal force, and accumulating, produces dizziness, and leads to apoplexy. The common rocking-cradle is unhealthy from the same causes; for the head of the child being raised on the pillow, is farther from the centre of motion than the rest of the body; and therefore, as before, the blood from the motion of the cradle, will have a tendency upwards. Swings and swing-cradles are, on the contrary, favorable to health, because in them, the head is nearer to the centre of motion than the other parts of the body, and the blood will consequently have a tendency from it.—*Lee's Catchism of Natural Philosophy.*

ALL ABOUT THE HOTEL

"I'll tell you my adventures with the alligator," said Brewster to his friend Tom, as they stood on the deck of the steamer Henry Clay, as she was puffing and blowing, throwing up the muddy waters of the Mississippi. "I guess not," said Tom. "Bless that musquito—he liked to pulled me overboard by the nose; but, however, if the alligator story isn't too long let's have it, if it's only to drive away the dull time, as our old deacon used to say when he drunk beer." Those who have travelled on the Mississippi know the value of a tough yarn, to relieve the dreary monotony occasioned by the eternal splash of the paddles, and especially when the narrator was one of the hardy race, now nearly extinct, who toiled on this father of waters before (to use their expression) "steamboats cum in fashion." The word was no sooner passed that Brew, as they called him, was going to spin a yarn, than some ten or twelve assembled around him. Brew felt his importance—after eyeing his auditory like a village lawyer when about to make a stump speech, he thus began:

"Well, it's been some time ago, before your steamboats scared the creators way back into the dry settlements, the alligators used to come out on the river, and bark at the dogs on board our broad horns, and if ever a brave fellow of a dog (as they did sometimes) jumped over after them, they'd gather him up with their tails—which, you know, does them for a hand—and raising their upper jaw, they'd chew him up handsomely; indeed, the varmints seem to love dog meat better than any other, and they were sich devils that they used to try to climb up into the boat to get at our dogs—so we used to stand guard to keep them off every night. Well, as I was saying, we were going up the Mississippi in a fine new boat, the current was running pretty much as it is now, and we had guards to keep off the alligators, as we had some fine pups aboard that we didn't want them to get at; well, as nigh as I could reckon, 'twas about midnight, and mighty dark with a great thick fog about us—so thick that you could hardly walk through it; well, I felt a terrible bump against the head of the boat, and then the guards sung out, 'a snag, a snag!' I went to look, and, sure enough, there it was, as big as the body of a common sized tree, through and through our bran new boat, so, says I, there is no use of grieving, so I trusted to Providence, and went to sleep.

"About light I got up and went to see how things were going, and, bless your soul! what do you think it was?" "Guess 'twas an alligator," said Tom. "Yes, but it was—the varmint had played the snag, and run his head clean through and thro' our boat, up to the dogs' bed on deck; he had eaten them all clean up, but one large bull pup, who had got cross'd ways in the creator's throat, so he couldn't pull his head out from the boat again, because he couldn't shut his jaws—and there he was fast, wiggling his tail about in the water for all the world like a whirlwind." "But how did you get him out?" said Tom. "Why, I'll tell you; we cut his head off smooth with the deck, and tied up his tail—he fitted so tight we didn't leak a drop, but went on." "Guess it was a cute way to get rid of a Mississippi sawyer," said Tom. "And do the alligators really bark like a dog, and climb into boats?" asked a consequential, fopish looking chap, who had been writing in his tablets while Brew was spinning his yarn. "For sartin they do," said Brew, "and I've heard them myself, a mile off, like hounds in full chase. 'Astonishing!' said the stranger, and after making a note walked off. "That's one of your men who travels to make books," said Brew—"I reckon he's got an alligator story this time."—*Masonic Olive Branch.*

The subjoined is extracted from a lately received Irish paper, and as it is much more likely to refer to ill-fated Creole of this state, than to a native of Florida, we would strongly recommend the Bee and Courier to copy it on the French side, as they may thereby inform the friends of the lost one of his untimely disappearance. Of course the Florida papers with which we exchange, will do the same.

From the Cork (Ireland) Southern Reporter.

**SINGULAR AND MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.** On the 23d of February last a gentleman arrived at the Lansdowne Arms Hotel, Kenmare, from Bantry, accompanied by two country boys, bringing his luggage, which consisted of a carpet travelling bag, English manufacture, and a small neat dressing case. Having partaken of a fish dinner at the hotel (the day being Friday, and having previously informed the waiter that he was a Roman Catholic), he inquired for the proprietor, Mr. O'Sullivan, who having waited on him, he informed him in the English language, yet, scarcely intelligible, that he was from Florida, in America, and had parted with some friends but a short time before in Liverpool. He retired to bed about eleven o'clock, and said he would sleep well, as he was fatigued. He got up next morning about half past eleven o'clock, and called for breakfast, when a table was placed before him, which he seemed not to be in the habit of taking, he asked what it was, and said he was in the habit of taking light wines for breakfast. He, however, partook of the tea. Immediately after breakfast he went out, walked the greater part of the day along

the hotel, and returned to the hotel through the town, and did not return. It was then dark, and he was seen at the extremity of the town, on an old bridge, which it was supposed he was then admiring. He afterwards walked up an old road which leads from Kenmare, after which he was seen no more.

Not having returned that night to the hotel, every inquiry was next day made without the slightest satisfactory information being received. In a day or two, after Mr. O'Sullivan despatched letters in all directions which lead from Kenmare to Killarney, Bantry, &c., but could get no account whatever of him. His travelling bag and dressing case were, on the 1st of April last, opened by James Hickson, Esq., J. P., in the presence of the Chief of Police and several respectable gentlemen, and though containing several articles of wearing apparel, such as vests, shirts, socks, &c., not a single letter could be found that may lead to the discovery of his name. In the dressing box were rather a handsome case of razors, on one of which were scratched the letters N. D. Further clue or information cannot be discovered which may lead to the discovery of this unfortunate gentleman, and what renders the circumstance the more unaccountable in this, it is quite impossible he could have travelled any of the public roads without being seen and remarked as a stranger, and yet it is equally impossible he could have drowned himself without his body being long since discovered, as there are fishing boats each day on the river, and the river strands daily. He was low sized, about five feet 6 inches, sallow countenance, and aged about thirty three years; he wore a P jacket, and rather pretty cloth travelling cap; there was nothing in his conversation or manners that would lead a person to suspect insanity.

**ESCAPE OF SENTENCED CONVICTS.**—Three of the felons sentenced in the Court of Sessions yesterday to wit, Keane, Medlar and Evans, (whose crimes and sentences are recorded in our Sessions report) escaped from the Bellevue carriage yesterday afternoon on its way from the city to Bellevue. It would seem that one of them—Ken eddy it is supposed—was provided with a key that would unlock their irons, as those of the escaped culprits were left on the floor of the stage. The escape was effected by kicking out an upper panel of the door, which is in the rear, and through which they made their exit probably head foremost to the steps. It is supposed they must have commenced operations soon after entering the third avenue, for the carriage had not proceeded more than half way up the avenue, toward Bellevue, when Mr. Coggeshall the keeper of the prison, who was on his way out in his gig, drove in sight and discovered one of the prisoners just emerging through the aperture. The stage was driving at a rapid gait, and he barely succeeded in overtaking it in time to prevent the escape of the fellow, which he did by beating him into a retreat with his whip handle. Had Mr. C. been five minutes later, no doubt the stage would have been found wholly vacated by its fourteen passengers, on arriving at Bellevue. The three who escaped were heard from shortly after, making their way with their best speed toward the Dry Dock. It is really to be hoped they will be re-captured, for three worse, more desperate or more dangerous villains cannot be found at large in the city.—N. Y. Sun.

**LAONICS.**—The following admirable hit at the bank laonics is from the Boston Post. There will not be so much assiduity in parading Nick's short letters before the public hereafter:

**Laonics—By the Bank Casar.**  
Dear Nick: Do you want to buy me?  
Yrs. &c. COL. W.  
Dear Colonel: I do—name your price.  
Yrs. &c. NICK.  
Dear Nick: Fifty-two thousand.  
Yrs. &c. COL. W.  
Dear Colonel: Throw in the Jew and it's a bargain.  
Yrs. &c. NICK.  
Dear Nick: You can have us both for fifty-two thousand dollars. Do you want any more?  
Yrs. &c. COL. W.  
Dear Colonel: Not exactly of the same description.  
Yrs. &c. NICK.  
Dear Nick: Would you purchase if you could fidd such as would suit you?  
Yrs. &c. COL. W.  
Dear Colonel: "Yrs—any day."  
Yrs. &c. NICK.  
Dear Nick: I think I could find some if I had the rhino.  
Yrs. &c. COL. W.  
Dear Colonel: "When—where—and what amount—it shall be ready."  
Yrs. &c. NICK.

The Colonel has never been seen since the receipt of this last "laonic" from Nick—a large hole has been discovered in his cellar floor.—*Keystone.—Globe.*

**CLAYTON THE AERONAUT.**—The Louisville, Ky. Advertiser states that Clayton's Ascent, July 31st; was one of great beauty. That he rose steadily for fifteen minutes, and then after reaching a great height was wafted to the South by a gentle breeze about three miles when he came to an anchor for the night with one of the farmers of Jefferson county. There he took in a supply of hams and other refreshments. The morning after when the citizens were on the tip-toe of expectation to see him returning with his folded balloon in some country wagon, they beheld him floating majestically in the air. He hovered about two hours over the city,

when a breeze struck him, and he was afterwards wafted in a Southwestern direction for some hours, and was visible at one P. M. The Cincinnati Whig says—

"At the time the breeze struck his aeronaut vessel, we learn that he dropped a note in the city of Louisville, stating that he had only lost 5 inches of gas, and was prepared for a long voyage."

**EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES.**—On Tuesday evening a gentlemanly looking man, about 32 years of age, went into the shop of Mr. Moses, a pawnbroker, in Grand-street, in a state of considerable agitation, with some symptoms of having indulged too freely in the bottle, and asked for a pistol. Mr. Aaron (the assistant of the pawnbroker) asked what particular kind he wanted to purchase? He replied, "one that would do execution." This being rather a vague reply, a number of pistols were shown him, when he selected one, the price of which was \$3. He then inquired if they were furnished with bullets, and expressed a wish to have one that would fit the barrel of the pistol he had bought. Mr. Moses, surprised at such questions, stepped forward and told the gentleman that pawnbrokers did not deal in such articles; he was also induced to ask, from the strange manner of the prisoner, for what purpose he was about to purchase the pistol? "I'll tell you at once," said the gentleman, "I want to blow my brains out; I have nothing to do, nothing to amuse me—no business, no news, in short I am dying of ennui piece-meal, and I am tired of the dull monotony of my stupid existence; can't you get me a bullet cast that will suit this pistol? I'll pay for the pistol, give you a five dollar bill for casting the bullet in any mould you may have, and I'll give you in your own shop, a sight such as you never saw, a man blow his brains out.—Mr. Moses not over anxious for such a spectacle, as also conceiving that humanity dictated that he should not permit any person to go at large in such a state of mind, pretended to order one of his boys to cast a bullet, in one of his moulds, while he secretly despatched a messenger, (while the gentleman was waiting for the termination of the boy's labors) for a Police officer. Greasybeek was soon in attendance, and on examining the gentleman, he found on his person a large sum of money in paper and specie, but nothing to give a clue to his name or residence.

He was immediately taken to the upper police before Justice Palmer, where his conduct was at first rather violent. "Why should I be brought here?" said he, "any man has a right if he likes, to blow out his own brains; it is not a capital offence; why drag me here as a felon?" The worthy magistrate observed to Mr. Moses that his conduct was highly commendable, and in the kindest manner remonstrated with the gentleman on the rashness of the act which he had contemplated. After some correctives, such as soda water, tea, &c., which were procured for the gentleman, in the course of half an hour he becomes so rational that he was discharged, and we have not since heard of his having discharged the contents of any pistol. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon officer Greasybeek for his promptitude in bringing the sufferer up, nor to Mr. Moses for his philanthropic exertions in rescuing a human being from self destruction.—N. Y. Trans.

**A STRANGE BUT JUST MAN.**—At Jamaica, upwards of eighty, lives a man of a strange and original character. He is wealthy and childless, his wife and six attached negro followers not slaves, sit with him at the same table. He is shrewd in his dealings and prosperous; he recognizes no "currency" but coin—will receive and pay nothing else. The last land sale at Jamaica, was made by him—nine acres, at \$1000 the acre, one half down on delivering the deed. He required this to be paid in specie—which as he had always done, he lent on mortgage at 5 per cent. He never takes more, declaring that to be all that the use of the money is worth. He refuses more. He has now 50 or \$60,000 lent on mortgage at that rate. A few months ago, he bought a cow of a neighbor, for \$27.50. A week or two afterwards, he came to the seller and said the animal was better than she had been represented to be; that it was in his way to do, as to require justice in all his dealings, and he tendered the seller \$2.50 more. It was refused of course, but the old man left the money among the children. These are but specimens of countless similar tales related of him. His frame bends under the weight of 84 years but his spirit is good; he totters under a green old age, down the hill of life, and a conscientious observance of his rules of right, can soften the pillow or ensure calm slumbers, that old man must have serene nights. What will our money lenders think of a man who refuses more than five per cent.

Is "money the root of all evil?" No; but the rag system is.

The new and improved Locomotive for the Morris and Essex (N. J.) rail road, constructed by Mr. Seth Boyken, of Newark, goes at the rate of 60 to 70 miles an hour. The passengers are wholly protected from the fire of the chimney, the sparks, according to the Morristown Jerseyman, being taken to the ash pan.